the enemy not uncommonly practiced by the Indians in time of hostility. Be this as it may, the Zunis abandoned all their towns in the valley and taking the good priest with them, fled yet again to the top of their high Mountain of Thunder. Around an ample amphitheater near its southern rim, they rebuilt six or seven great clusters of stone houses and renewed in the miniature vales of the mesa summit the reservoirs for rain and snow, and on the crests above the trickling spring under their towns, and along the upper reaches of the giddy trail by which the heights were scaled they reared archer's booths and heaps of sling-stones and munitions of heavy rock.

There, continually providing for the conflict which they knew would sooner or later reach even their remote fastnesses (as speedily it began to reach the Rio Grande country), they abode securely for more than ten years, living strictly according to the ways of their forefathers, worshiping only the beloved of war and the wind and rain, nor paying aught of attention to the jealous gods of the Spaniard. Then at last Diego de Vargas, the reconquistador of New Mexico, approached Zuniland with his force of foot soldiers and horseman. The Zunis, learning this, poisoned the waters of their springs at Bescado and near the entrance to the valley with yucca juice and cactus spines, and they say, "with the death-magic of corpse-shells; so that the horses and men, drinking there were undone or died of bloating and bowel sickness." In this latter statement the historians of Vargas and the Zuni traditions agree. But the captain-general could not have stormed the Rock of Cibola. With the weakened force remaining at his command, his efforts were doubly futile. Therefore, where now the new peach orchards of the Zunis grow on the sunlit sand slopes, 800 feet below the northern crest of the mesa their fathers so well defended in those days, Vargas camped his army, with intent to besiege the heathen renegades, and to harass and pick off such stragglers as came within the range of his arquebuses

Now, however, the good friar whom the Indians called *Kwan Tatchui Lok'yana* (Juan, Gray-robed father of us), was called to council by the elders, and given a well-scraped piece of deerskin, whitened with prayer meal, and some bits of cinder, wherewith to make markings of meaning to his countrymen. And he was bidden to mark thereon that the Zunis were good to those who, like him were good to them and meddled not; nor would they harm any who did not harm their women and children and their elders. And, that if such these captains and their warriors would but choose and promise to be, they would descend from their mountain, nor stretch their bowstrings more. But when they told their gray father that he could now join his people if that by so doing he might stay their anger, and told him to mark it, the priest, so the legend runs; "dissembled and did not tell that he was there, only that the fathers of the Ashiwi were good now;" for he willed, it would seem, to abide with them all the rest of his days, which, alas, were but few. Then the hide was tied to a slingstone and taken to the edge of the mesa, and cast down into the midst of the watchful enemy by the arm of a strong warriors. And when the bearded foemen below saw it fall, they took it up and curiously questioned it with their eyes, and finding its answers perfect and its import good, they instantly bore it to their war captain, and in token of his consent, they waved it aloft. So was speech held and peace forthwith established between them.